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CHARLTON PUBLICATION
MONSTER HUNTERS
"I'll Never forget WHAT'S-HIS-NAME!"
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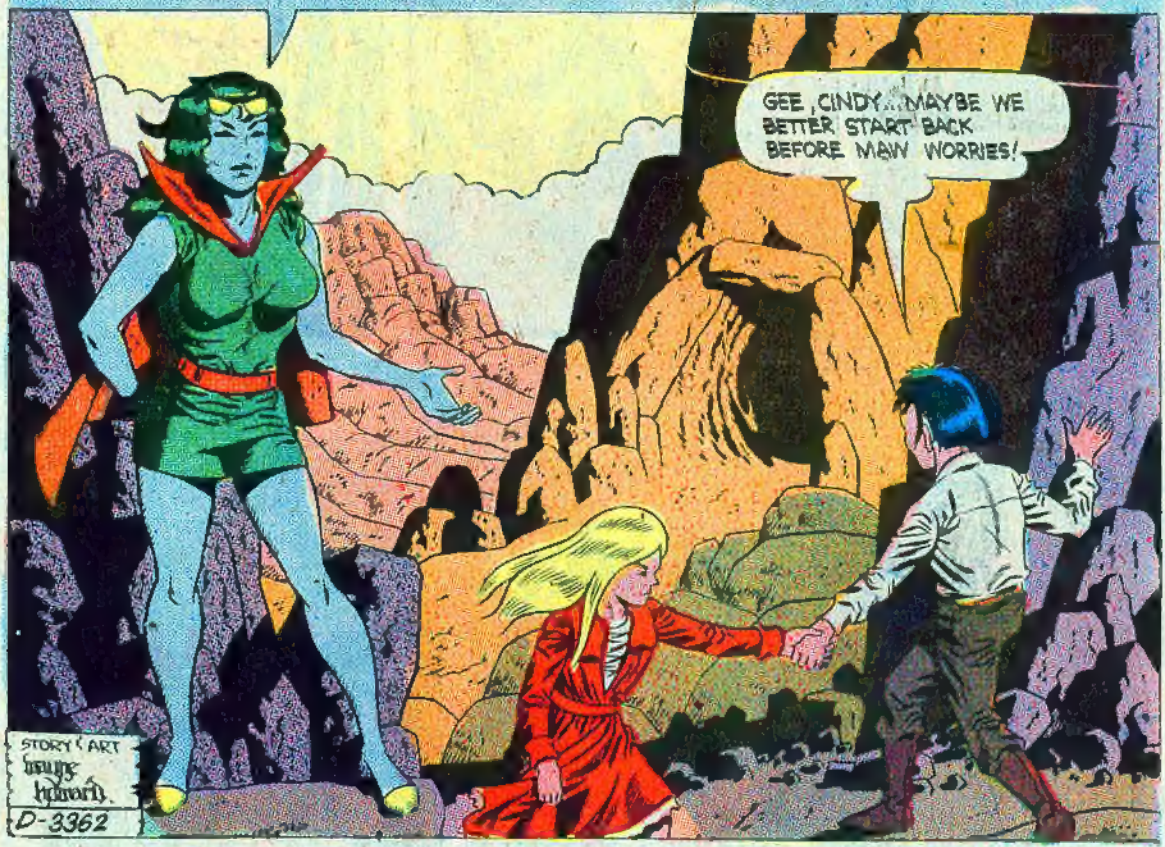
THIS IS AN AGE OF HUMAN INHUMANITY AND BLIND IGNORANCE, WOVEN TOGETHER WITH STRAIGHT LACE. HERE IN THE VILLAGE OF BRIMSTONE, THE FOLK LEAD BLEAK AND JOYLESS LIVES OF COMPLETE CONFORMITY, REVILING THOSE WHO DARE BE DIFFERENT... OFTEN CONDEMNING THEM AS WITCHES... LET US OBSERVE ONE SUCH RUGGED INDIVIDUAL .. A FELLOW KNOWN AS THE .

HERMIT OF BRIMSTONE CAVE!



CINDY! LOOK! THERE'S OLD MISTER KREEDY'S CAVE! MAW SAY'S HE'S ALWAYS COOKING UP SOME DEVILTRY AND T'WON'T BE LONG 'TIL HE'S CAUGHT AT IT...

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THE CHILDREN HUDDLED AGAINST THE ROCKS, EYES WIDE WITH AWE UNTIL
I KNOW WHO SHE IS! THAT'S THE LADY WHO WAS CONDEMNED TODAY FOR WITCHCRAFT! I SAW THEM DRAG HER THROUGH THE STREETS! HOW DID SHE ESCAPE!
MISTER KREEDY MUST BE IN LEAGUE WITH HER! THEY'RE BOTH WITCHES!
HE'S TAKEN HER IN! SURELY THIS BODES EVIL...
EVIL OR NOT THEY COULD BARELY CONTAIN THEIR CURIOSITY; AND THEY SLIP TO THE MOUTH OF THE CAVE.
WHAT'S HE..
SHHH! JUST WATCH...
JUMPIN' JEHOSOPHAT!
DID...DID YOU SEE THAT? HE TOOK HER RIGHT THROUGH THE WALL! I'M SCARED!
HOW DID HE DO IT? LET'S LOOK AROUND...
2

BUT ON THE OTHER SIDE IT IS A VASTLY CHANGED MR KREEDY IN VASTLY DIFFERENT SURROUNDINGS
BROTHERS AND SISTERS, I BRING US A NEW CITIZEN TO JOIN OUR NUMBER I HAVE BEEN FORTUNATE TO SNATCH HER FROM THE JAWS OF DEATH AS IT ONCE WAS WITH EACH OF YOU ..BUT HERE WE LIVE IN PEACE AND PLENTY!
AND YOU, SISTER, ARE AMONG FRIENDS... FOR YOU ARE ONE OF US...AND WE PROTECT OUR OWN!
SIR! THE RISKS YOU TOOK ...I DON'T KNOW HOW TO THANK YOU..
QUIET, MY CHILD, IT'S NOT NECESSARY. HOT FOOD AND NEW CLOTHES ARE BEING PREPARED FOR YOU.. WITH WELCOME...
3

BUT ON THE OTHER SIDE GROWING BOLDER BY THE SECOND, THE CHILDREN PROBE FOR THE OPENING
IT'S A MARVEL, DAVID! THIS IS ALL SOLID STONE ...IT COULD ONLY HAVE BEEN WITCHCRAFT!
AYE! NOW WE ...LOOK OUT! IT, IT'S OPENING UP..
DOWN, DOWN, SWIRLING, TUMBLING THROUGH BLACKNESS ...EVER DOWNWARD UNTIL...
WHERE ARE ..WE
YOU ARE SAFE...
4

CONTINUED AFTER FOLLOWING PAGE

RECOGNITION COMES SLOWLY..
MISTER KREEDY! PLEASE DON'T PUT THE EVIL EYE ON US!!
BE STILL, MY CHILD... YOU WILL NOT BE HARMED! TELL ME ... WHY WERE YOU IN MY CAVE?
OUR MAW SAYS YOU'RE A WITCH ... WE JUST WANTED TO SEE ... WE MEANT NO MISCHIEF, MISTER KREEDY... AND ANYWAY YOU ARE A WITCH!
YES ... I AM ... ALL OF US HERE ARE ... BUT THEN ... WHAT OF IT? WE'VE HURT NO ONE ... WE WISH ONLY TO LIVE IN PEACE...
OH, I DON'T CARE ... I JUST WANT TO GET OUT ... GO HOME ...
AND SO YOU SHALL ...
BUT FIRST ... I MUST CAST A SPELL OF FORGETFULNESS ON YOU, THAT WHAT YOU SEE WILL PASS FROM YOUR MINDS!
5

BUT WITHIN THE CITY OF BRIMSTONE ITSELF, SUCH PEACE DOES NOT PREVAIL
YE'VE GOT TO HELP ME...
GOODY PROCTOR! YE KNOW WOMEN BE NOT ALLOWED IN THE TOWN MEETING! WHAT BE THE PROBLEM?
DAVID AND CINDY! THEY TOOK A WALK THIS AFTERNOON! IT'S AFTER DARK NOW AND THEY AREN'T BACK FROM THE QUARRY YET!
THE QUARRY? OLD KREEDY LIVES DOWN THERE! THAT OLD WITCH HAS 'EM SURE! LET'S GO AFTER HIM! GET READY, MEN!
BUT MISSIONS OF MADNESS NEED LITTLE PREPARATION, AND THIS ONE WAS UNDERWAY IN SECONDS...
KREEDY! WE SHOULD HAVE DONE AWAY WITH THAT EVIL COOT LONG AGO...BEFORE IT CAME TO THIS...
LOOK SHARP NOW! HIS CAVE IS UP IN HERE SOMEWHERE...
6

...INSIDE THE CAVE, THE SPELL OF FORGETFULNESS HAS BEEN CAST AND..
COME, MY CHILDREN ...I WILL PUT YOU ON THE ROAD ...AND YOU'RE TO SCOOT ALONG HOME!
UP AHEAD! AND HE'S GOT THE KIDS SURE ENOUGH! WELL, HE'LL NEVER WITCH ANYONE AGAIN!
LET THOSE CHILDREN GO, YE EVIL'THING!!
OH, DAVID...CINDY...
LET'S GO AFTER HIM!
ABOVE ME ...THE ROCKS... BEGINNING TO SLIP...

KREEDY'S FINISHED... BUT YOU YOUNG'LINS... DID HE HARM YE?

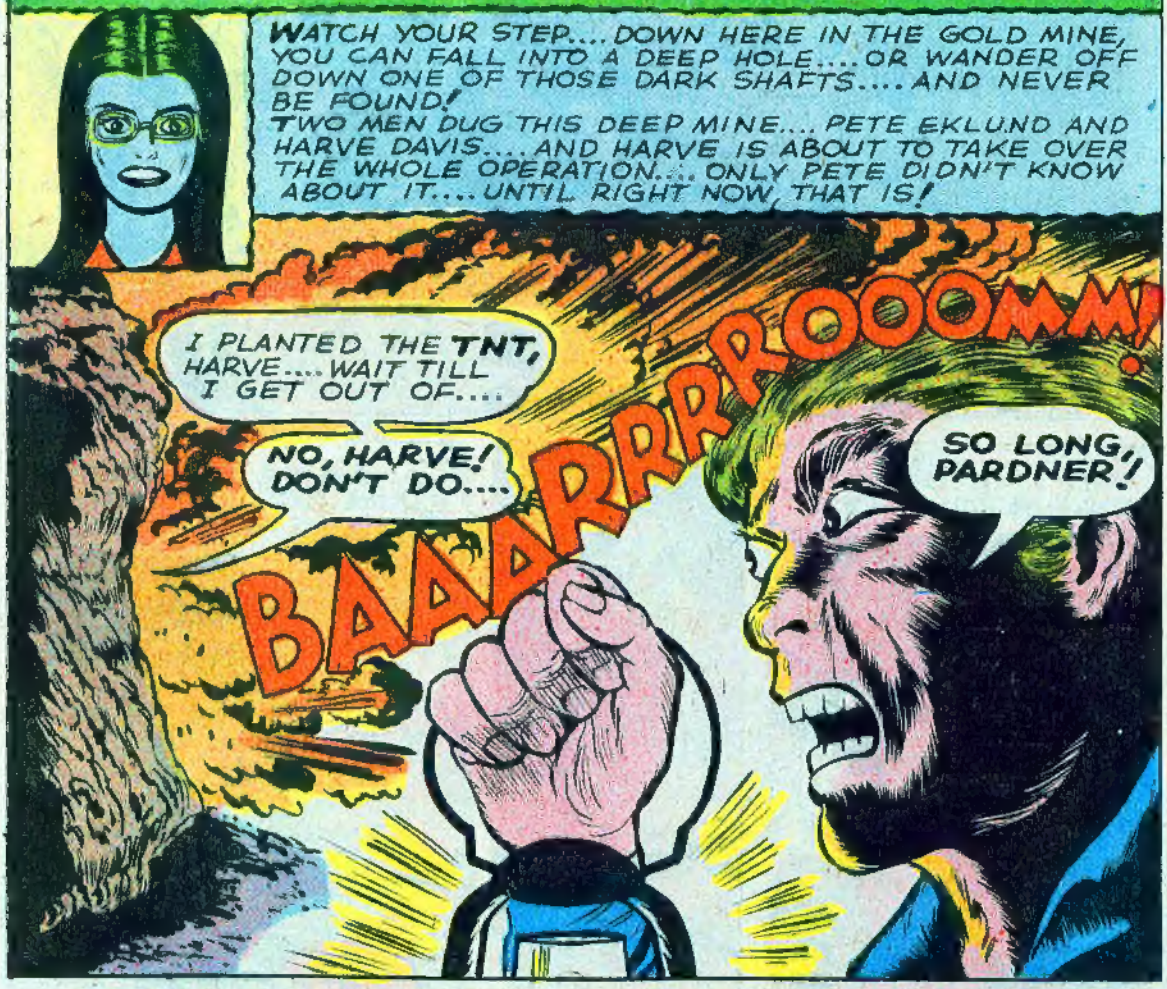
...NO... WE'RE FINE ... WE WANDERED INTO HIS CAVE ... GOT LOST SOMEHOW. TRAPPED... HE GOT US OUT

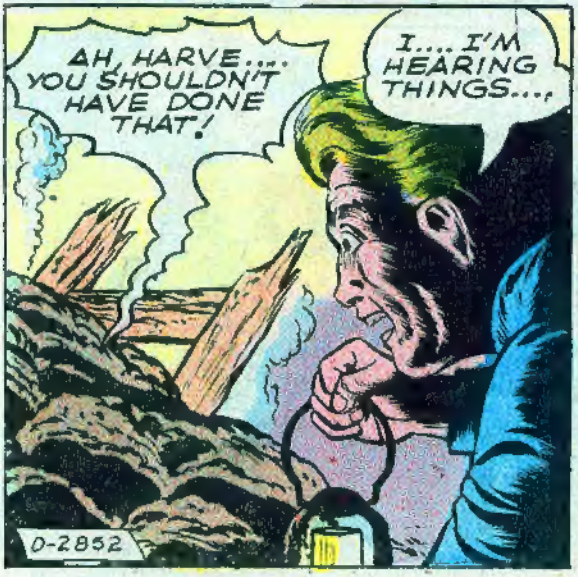
LORD... WHAT HAVE WE DONE ... WE'VE DESTROYED A HARMLESS OLD MAN...

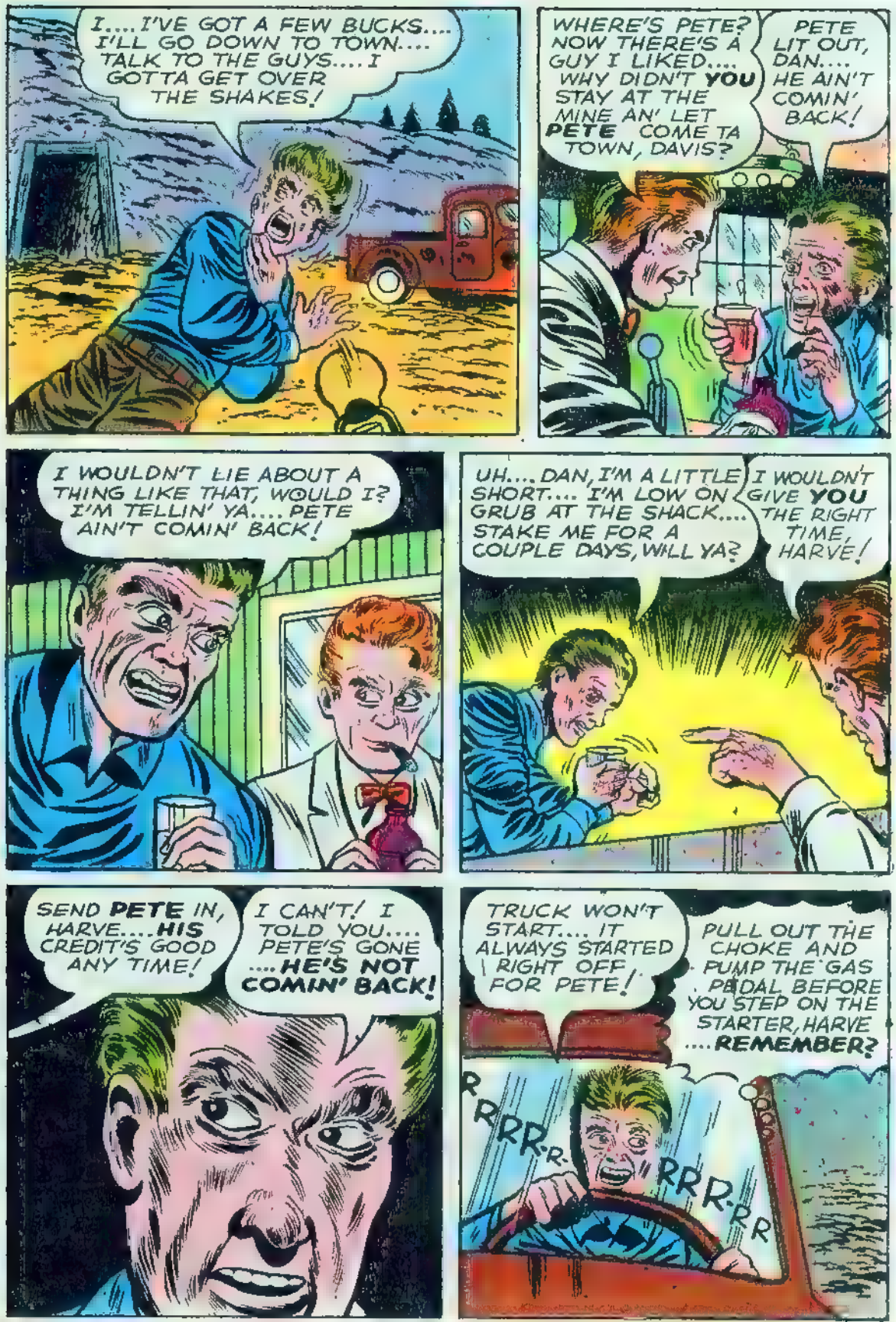
DESTROYED? COME ON NOW... WITCHES ARE TOUGHER THAN THAT! BACK UNDERGROUND

FOOLISH ... SO FOOLISH... WHEN WILL IT ALL STOP..
WHEN INDEED? END!

"THE MINE'S ALL MINE"


WATCH YOUR STEP.... DOWN HERE IN THE GOLD MINE, YOU CAN FALL INTO A DEEP HOLE.... OR WANDER OFF DOWN ONE OF THOSE DARK SHAFTS.... AND NEVER BE FOUND!
TWO MEN DUG THIS DEEP MINE.... PETE EKLUND AND HARVE DAVIS.... AND HARVE IS ABOUT TO TAKE OVER THE WHOLE OPERATION.... ONLY PETE DIDN'T KNOW ABOUT IT.... UNTIL RIGHT NOW, THAT IS!
I PLANTED THE TNT, HARVE.... WAIT TILL I GET OUT OF....
NO, HARVE! DON'T DO....
BAAARRRRROOOMM!
SO LONG, PARDNER!




I....I'VE GOT A FEW BUCKS.... I'LL GO DOWN TO TOWN.... TALK TO THE GUYS.... I GOTTA GET OVER THE SHAKES!
WHERE'S PETE? NOW THERE'S A GUY I LIKED.... WHY DIDN'T YOU STAY AT THE MINE AN' LET PETE COME TA TOWN, DAVIS?
PETE LIT OUT, DAN.... HE AIN'T COMIN' BACK!
I WOULDN'T LIE ABOUT A THING LIKE THAT, WOULD I? I'M TELLIN' YA.... PETE AIN'T COMIN' BACK!
UH.... DAN, I'M A LITTLE SHORT.... I'M LOW ON GRUB AT THE SHACK.... STAKE ME FOR A COUPLE DAYS, WILL YA?
I WOULDN'T GIVE YOU THE RIGHT TIME, HARVE!
SEND PETE IN, HARVE....HIS CREDIT'S GOOD ANY TIME!
I CAN'T! I TOLD YOU.... PETE'S GONE ....HE'S NOT COMIN' BACK!
TRUCK WON'T START.... IT ALWAYS STARTED RIGHT OFF FOR PETE!
PULL OUT THE CHOKE AND PUMP THE GAS PEDAL BEFORE YOU STEP ON THE STARTER, HARVE ....REMEMBER?
RRRR-R-
RRR-RR

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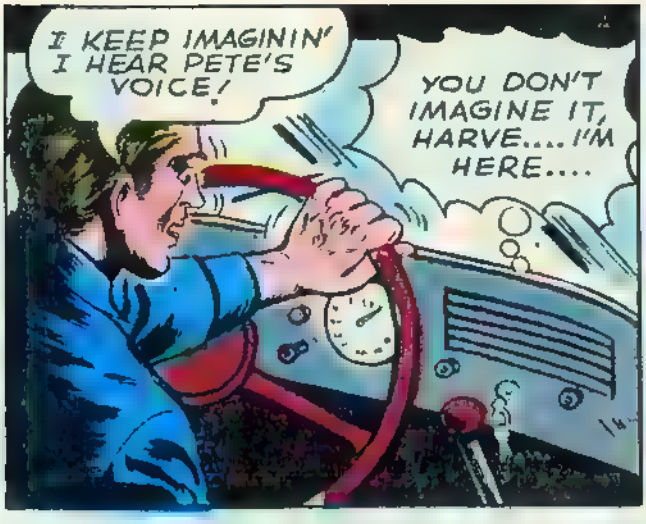
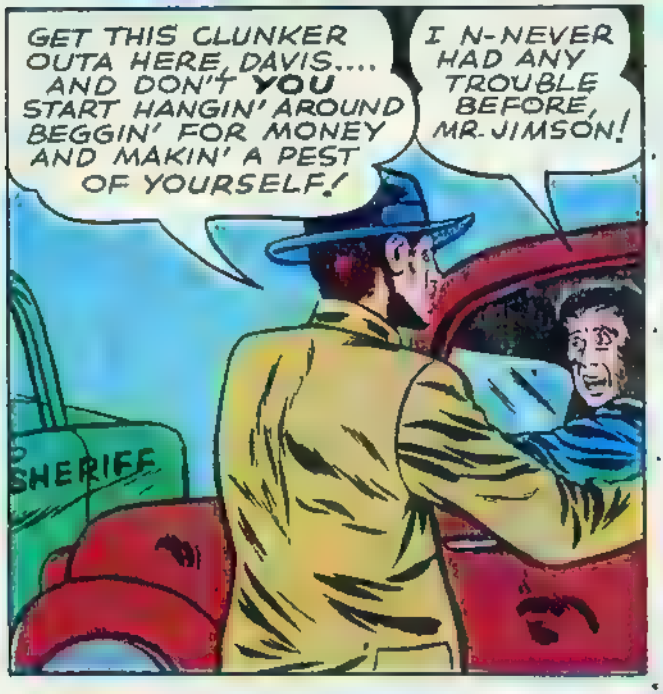
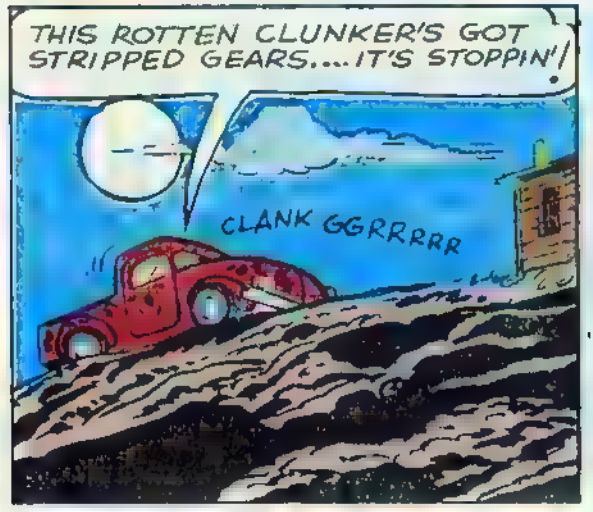
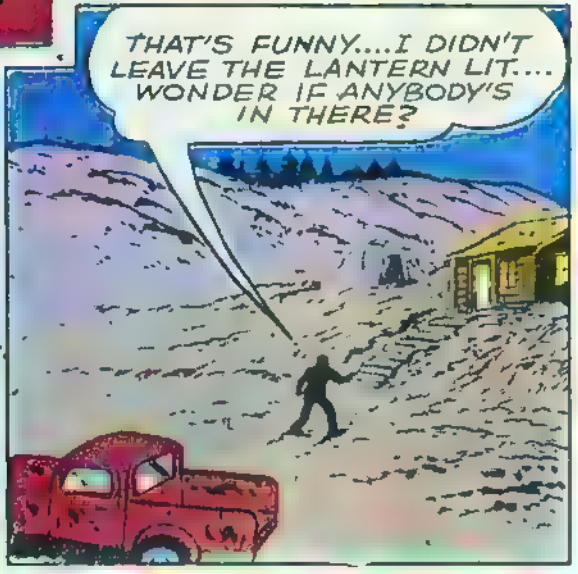

I KEEP IMAGININ' I HEAR PETE'S VOICE!
YOU DON'T IMAGINE IT, HARVE.... I'M HERE....

WE'RE STILL PARTNERS!


GET THIS CLUNKER OUTA HERE, DAVIS.... AND DON'T YOU START HANGIN' AROUND BEGGIN' FOR MONEY AND MAKIN' A PEST OF YOURSELF!
I N-NEVER HAD ANY TROUBLE BEFORE, MR. JIMSON!
SHERIFF

THAT WAS WHEN PETE EKLUND WAS YOUR PARTNER, MISTER.... FOLKS PUT UP WITH YOU FOR HIS SAKE.... BUT HE'S GONE NOW, YOU SAID!


THIS ROTTEN CLUNKER'S GOT STRIPPED GEARS.... IT'S STOPPIN'!
CLANK GGRRRRR

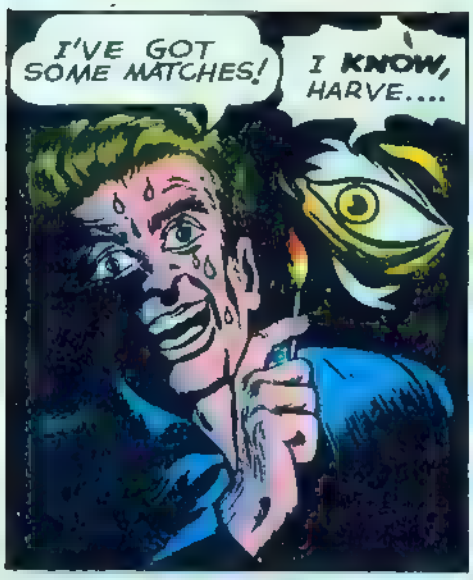

THAT'S FUNNY.... I DIDN'T LEAVE THE LANTERN LIT.... WONDER IF ANYBODY'S IN THERE?

IS ANY B-BODY IN HERE?
WHERE'D THE ORE COME FROM?
THIS ISN'T ORE.... IT'S A PURE GOLD NUGGET!
HOW DID IT GET HERE? WHERE IS IT FROM?
IT'S FROM OUR MINE, HARVE.... WE STRUCK IT RICH!
IT'S MY MINE NOW... I'M NOT GONNA LET MY IMAGINATION KEEP ME FROM DIGGIN' THAT GOLD! I'M RICH!
I'LL SHOW THAT STUPID BARTENDER.. AND THE DEPUTY SHERIFF.... WHEN I'M RICH THEY WON'T PUSH ME AROUND!
I WONDER WHICH PART OF THE MINE THE GOLD CAME FROM....
WE DUG THREE SHAFTS....I'LL TRY THIS ONE!
NO, HARVE.... THE GOLD IS OVER HERE!

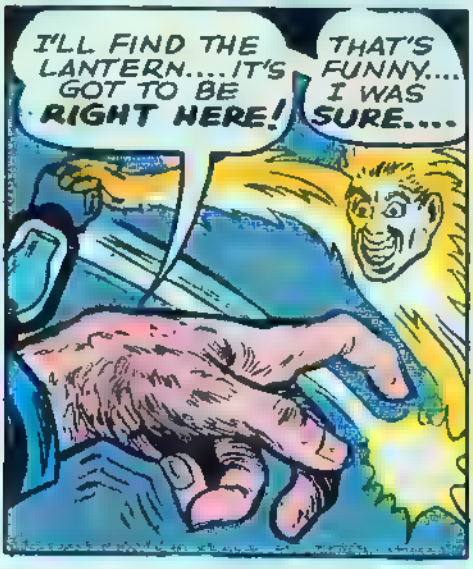
CONTINUED AFTER FOLLOWING PAGE

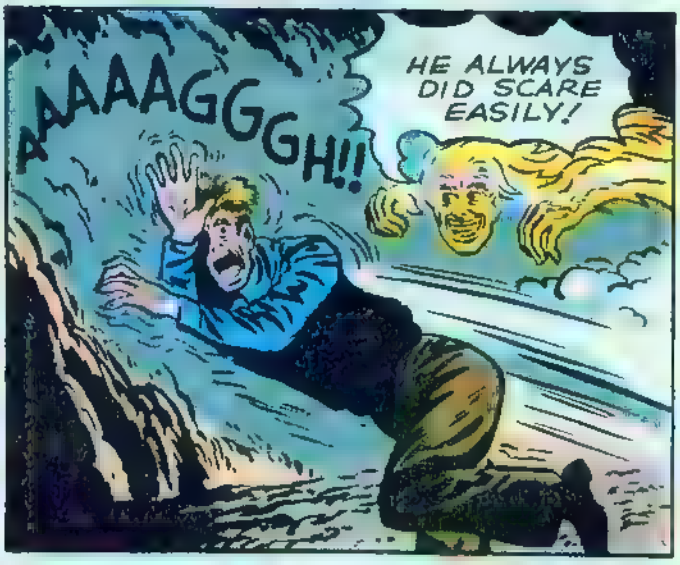
IS TH-THAT YOU, PETE?
I WAS AFRAID YOU'D BE SORE AT ME!
SORE, HARVE? WHY? IT WAS AN ACCIDENT WASN'T IT? I'M STILL YOUR PARDNER.... I'LL HELP ALL I CAN!
Y-YEAH, PETE, IT WAS AN ACCIDENT!
DON'T GO SO FAST, PETE.... IF I FALL.... AND THIS LANTERN GOES OUT....
DOWN TUNNELS AND SHAFTS HARVE DIDN'T EVEN REMEMBER, PETE TOOK HIM DEEPER AND DEEPER INTO THE BOWELS OF THE EARTH!
I DIDN'T KNOW WE DUG THIS DEEP, PETE.... WHERE'S THE GOLD?
RIGHT THERE, HARVE....
WHAT DID I TELL YOU, HARVE? THIS IS IT.... THE RICH STRIKE WE DREAMED ABOUT!
YEAH, PETE.... I'M REALLY RICH!
IT'S NOT ALL YOURS, HARVE.... WE'RE PARDNERS, REMEMBER?

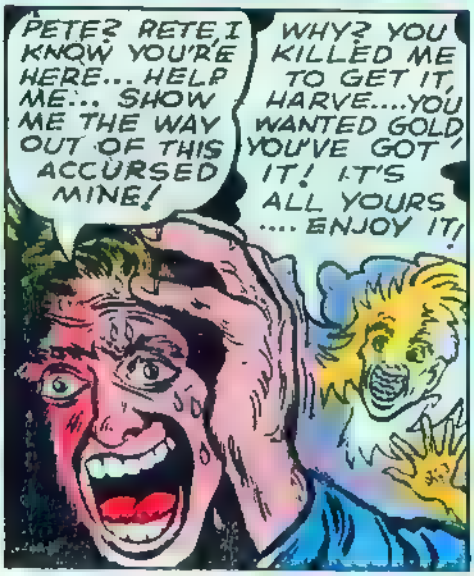
I'M A MILLIONAIRE! I'VE GOT MORE GOLD THAN I EVER DREAMED OF!
WHAT CAN YUH BUY WITH IT, HARVE?
WHAT DO YOU MEAN, PETE?
I MEAN IF I PICK UP THIS LAMP AND....
.... LIFT THE GLASS AND....
NO, PETE.... PLEASE DON'T!
....BLOW IT OUT....
THEN WHAT?
TH-THIS ISN'T FUNNY, PETE! NOW I GOTTA LIGHT IT AGAIN!
SURE.... BUT YOU'VE GOTTA FIND IT FIRST!


I'VE GOT SOME MATCHES!
I KNOW, HARVE....

.... BUT WHAT IF THEY ALL GO OUT.... LIKE THIS?
PETE, DON'T TORTURE ME!


I'LL FIND THE LANTERN.... IT'S GOT TO BE RIGHT HERE!
THAT'S FUNNY.... I WAS SURE....


AAAAAGGGH!!
HE ALWAYS DID SCARE EASILY!


PETE? PETE, I KNOW YOU'RE HERE... HELP ME... SHOW ME THE WAY OUT OF THIS ACCURSED MINE!
WHY? YOU KILLED ME TO GET IT, HARVE.... YOU WANTED GOLD, YOU'VE GOT IT! IT'S ALL YOURS .... ENJOY IT!

HAHAHAHAHAHAHA
HAHAHAHAHA
END

SPECIAL GUEST APPEARANCE IN THIS ISSUE DR. GRAVES

I'LL NEVER FORGET.. WHAT'S-HIS-NAME?

THERE'S NO ROOM FOR PROFESSIONAL JEALOUSY AROUND THE GRAVEYARD, CHUMS... LIFE IS TOO SHORT, AS THEY SAY... BUT WHAT COMES **AFTER** THAT SHORT LIFE MAY STRETCH INTO ALL **ETERNITY!** IN THIS TITILATING TALE, DR GRAVES, ONE OF MY COLLEAGUES, WILL BE BROUGHT INTO THE CASE.. TO INVESTIGATE THE STARTLING FACT THAT EACH YEAR A SMALL TOWN IN WEST VIRGINIA IS **HAUNTED** BY A **VERY MALICIOUS GHOST!**

WAKE UP, ARNIE! IT'S HAPPENING AGAIN!

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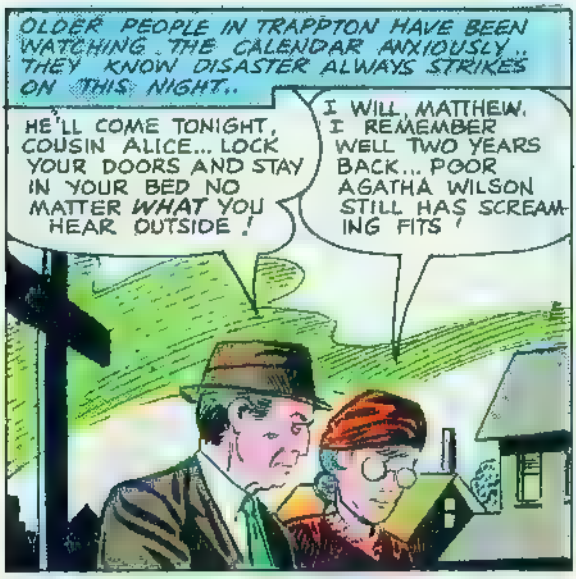
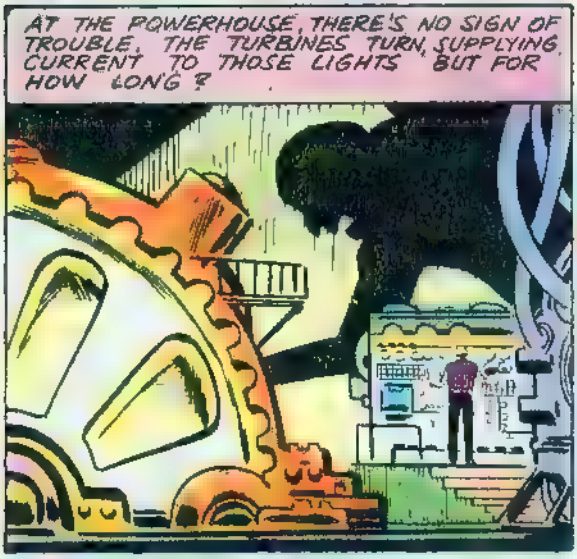
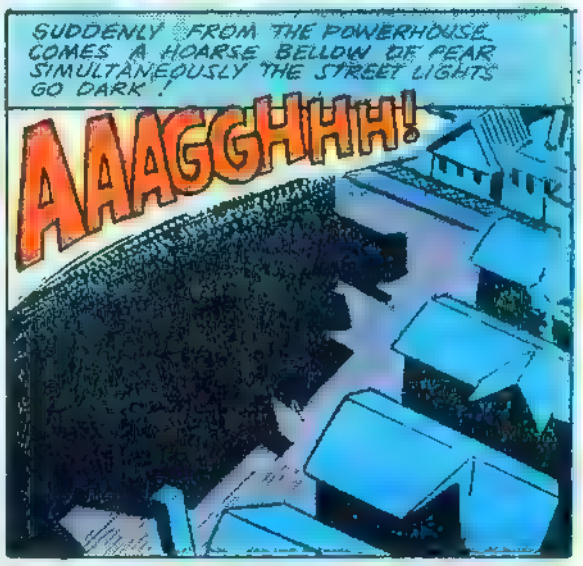
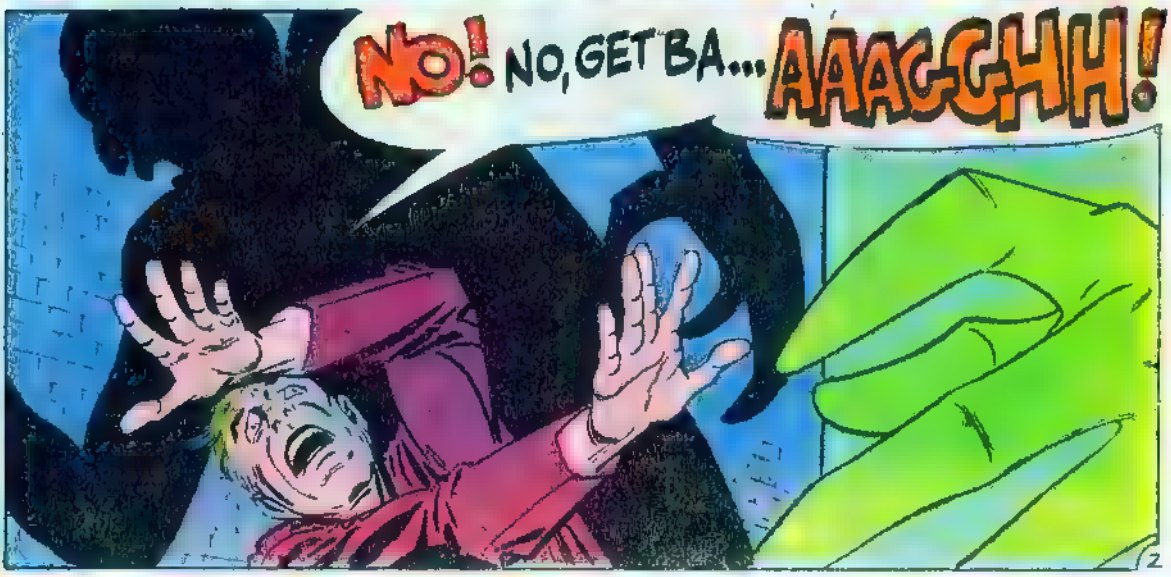
WHY DOES IT HAPPEN EACH YEAR? CITIZENS OF TRAPPTON DON'T KNOW IT BUT IT ALWAYS BEGINS RIGHT HERE ...AT AN UNMARKED GRAVE...


OLDER PEOPLE IN TRAPPTON HAVE BEEN WATCHING THE CALENDAR ANXIOUSLY... THEY KNOW DISASTER ALWAYS STRIKES ON THIS NIGHT..
HE'LL COME TONIGHT, COUSIN ALICE... LOCK YOUR DOORS AND STAY IN YOUR BED NO MATTER WHAT YOU HEAR OUTSIDE!
I WILL, MATTHEW. I REMEMBER WELL TWO YEARS BACK... POOR AGATHA WILSON STILL HAS SCREAMING FITS!

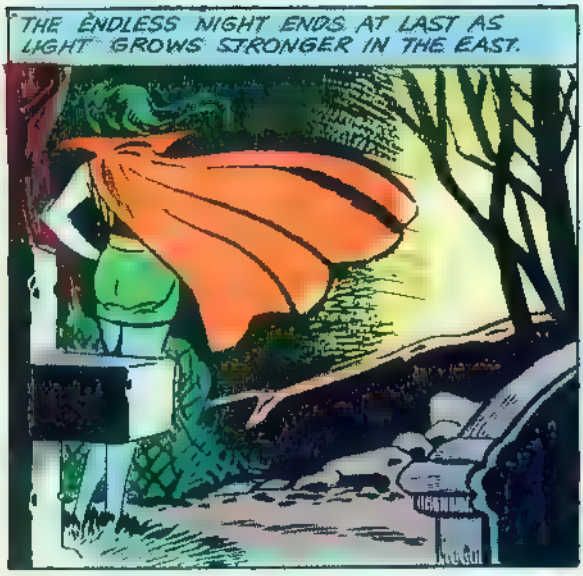
NOW, DARKNESS FALLS THE STREET LIGHTS TWINKLE IN THE GLOOM REASSURING SIGNS OF NORMALCY ON A NIGHT OF FEAR!

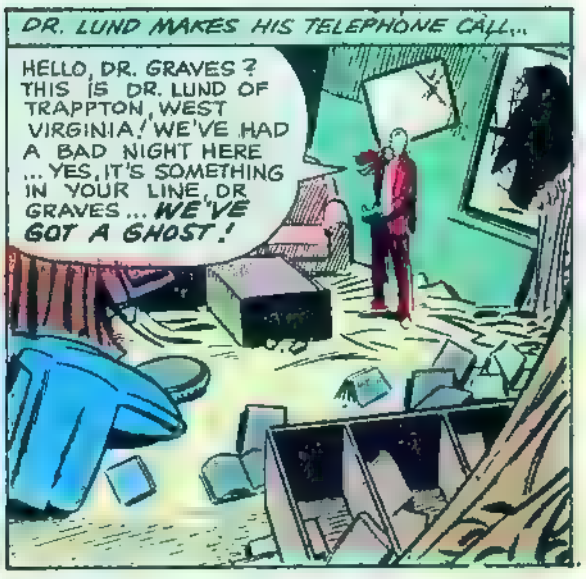

AT THE POWERHOUSE, THERE'S NO SIGN OF TROUBLE. THE TURBINES TURN, SUPPLYING CURRENT TO THOSE LIGHTS BUT FOR HOW LONG?


SUDDENLY FROM THE POWERHOUSE COMES A HOARSE BELLOW OF FEAR SIMULTANEOUSLY THE STREET LIGHTS GO DARK!
AAAGGHHH!


NO! NO, GET BA... AAAGGHH!

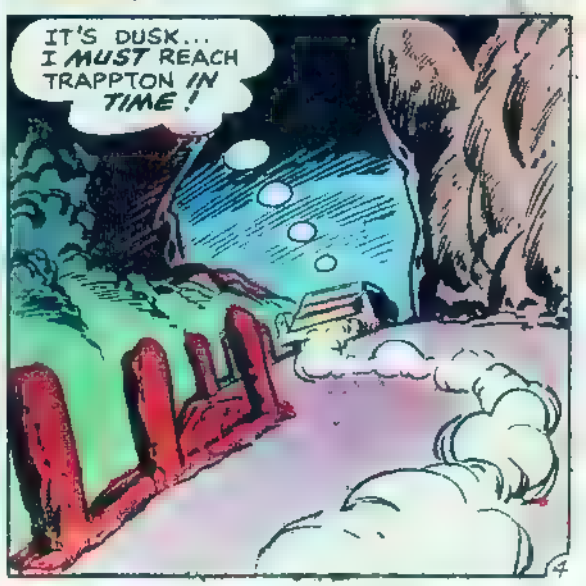
SCREAMS ECHO FROM THE DARKENED HOMES A WOMAN IN HER ROOM GLIMPSES SOMETHING VERY STRANGE... INCREDIBLY HORRIBLE...
A TERRIFIED MAN FUMBLES AS HE TRIES TO LIGHT A KEROSENE LAMP WITH SHAKING HANDS AND...
AND THE DEMONIC DRIVER OF THE TRAP-PTON FIRE ENGINE RESPONDING TO THE CALL ONLY ADDS TO THE CHAOS...
LOOK! DO YOU SEE WHAT'S DRIVING THE FIRE TRUCK? IT'S HIM.. THE THING THAT RUINED US LAST YEAR!
LAST YEAR AND THE YEAR BEFORE YOU SAID IT WAS MASS HYPNOSIS, DR LUND! NOW YOU CAN SEE IT FOR YOURSELF!
YES, HENRY I THINK IT'S TIME WE CALLED IN A SPECIALIST! I'M THINKING OF DR GRAVES A SPIRITUALIST WHO KNOWS MORE ABOUT POLTERGEISTS, GHOSTS, AND SUCH, THAN ANYONE ALIVE!

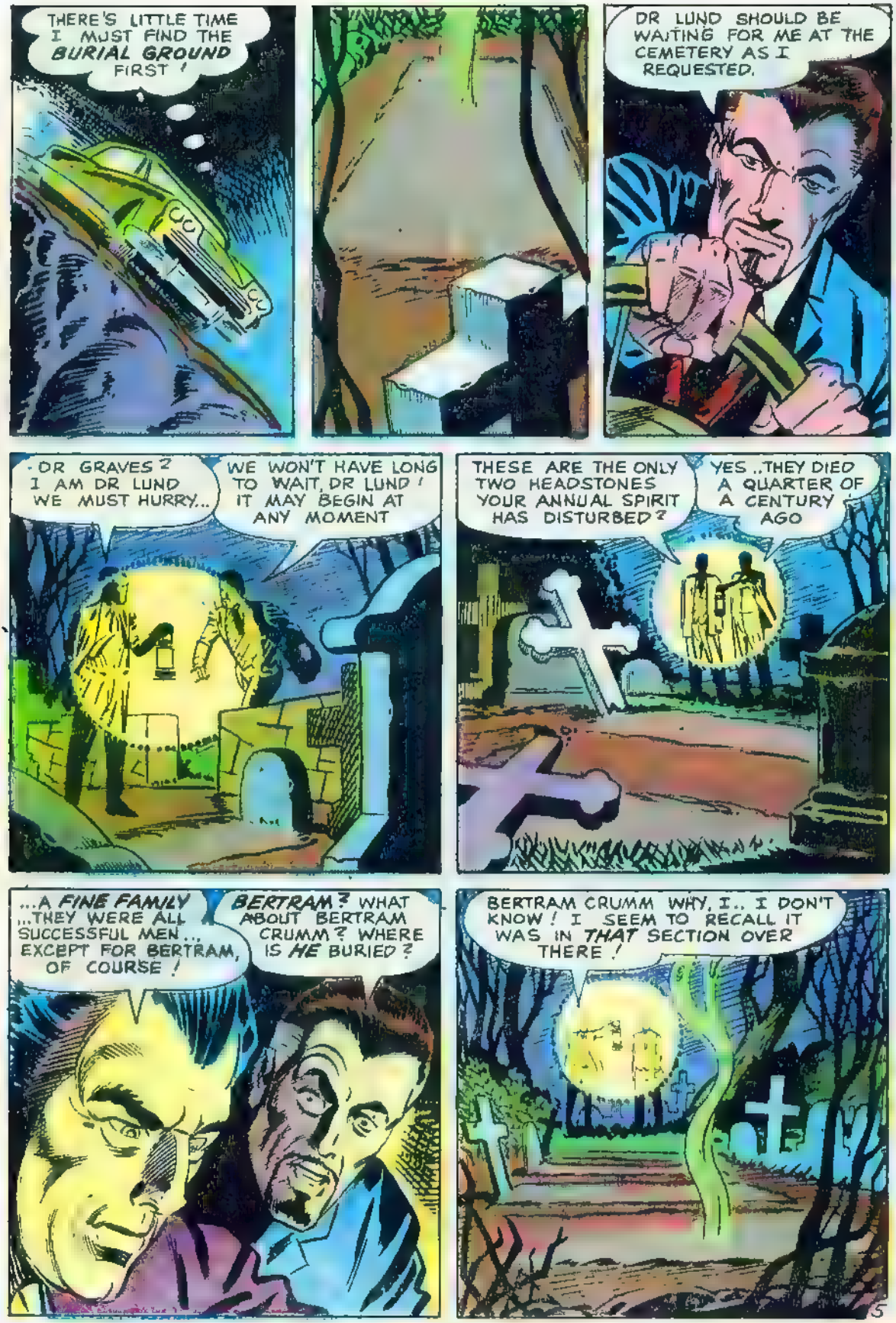

THE ENDLESS NIGHT ENDS AT LAST AS LIGHT GROWS STRONGER IN THE EAST.


DR. LUND MAKES HIS TELEPHONE CALL...
HELLO, DR. GRAVES? THIS IS DR. LUND OF TRAPPTON, WEST VIRGINIA! WE'VE HAD A BAD NIGHT HERE ... YES, IT'S SOMETHING IN YOUR LINE, DR GRAVES ... WE'VE GOT A GHOST!

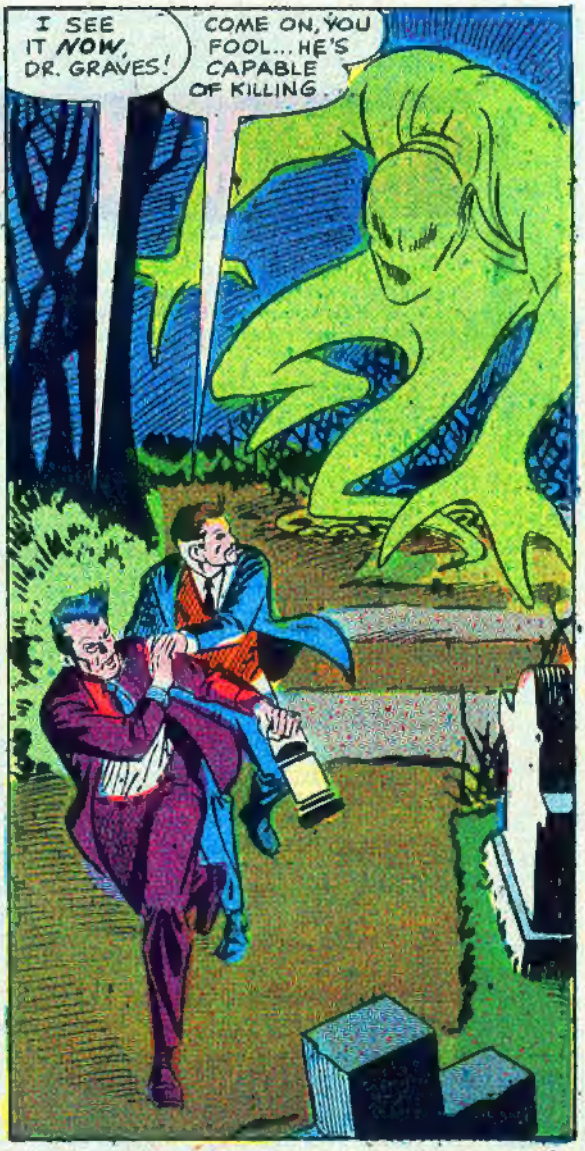
...EACH YEAR IT BEGINS ON MAY 14TH! IT WILL RETURN TONIGHT, DR GRAVES... IT MAY LAST FOR A WEEK OR MORE!
HMMM. INTERESTING, DR. LUND. LOOK, I'LL DRIVE UP THERE... I SHOULD BE THERE BEFORE DARK!

..HMMM! PERIODIC HAUNTINGS...A RETURN OF THE RESTLESS DEAD...TO RIGHT A WRONG..TO REVISIT FAVORITE HAUNTS WHAT IS THIS ONE COMING BACK FOR?


IT'S DUSK... I MUST REACH TRAPPTON IN TIME!


THERE'S LITTLE TIME I MUST FIND THE BURIAL GROUND FIRST !
DR LUND SHOULD BE WAITING FOR ME AT THE CEMETERY AS I REQUESTED.
DR GRAVES ? I AM DR LUND WE MUST HURRY...
WE WON'T HAVE LONG TO WAIT, DR LUND ! IT MAY BEGIN AT ANY MOMENT
THESE ARE THE ONLY TWO HEADSTONES YOUR ANNUAL SPIRIT HAS DISTURBED ?
YES ..THEY DIED A QUARTER OF A CENTURY AGO
...A FINE FAMILY ...THEY WERE ALL SUCCESSFUL MEN .., EXCEPT FOR BERTRAM, OF COURSE !
BERTRAM ? WHAT ABOUT BERTRAM CRUMM ? WHERE IS HE BURIED ?
BERTRAM CRUMM WHY, I.. I DON'T KNOW ! I SEEM TO RECALL IT WAS IN THAT SECTION OVER THERE !

NOW, I REMEMBER... IT'S AN UNMARKED GRAVE... THE REST OF THE FAMILY DISOWNED BERTRAM... HE WAS A PAUPER WHEN HE DIED!
STAND BACK, SIR! CAN'T YOU SEE IT?



WE'VE GOT TO FIND OUT WHY, DR LUND! WHERE CAN I LEARN THE FACTS ABOUT THE CRUMM FAMILY?
WELL, I... I GUESS THE BEST PLACE WOULD BE THE OLD CRUMM MANSION! IT'S BOARDED UP NOW... BUT WE MAY BE ABLE TO GET IN!

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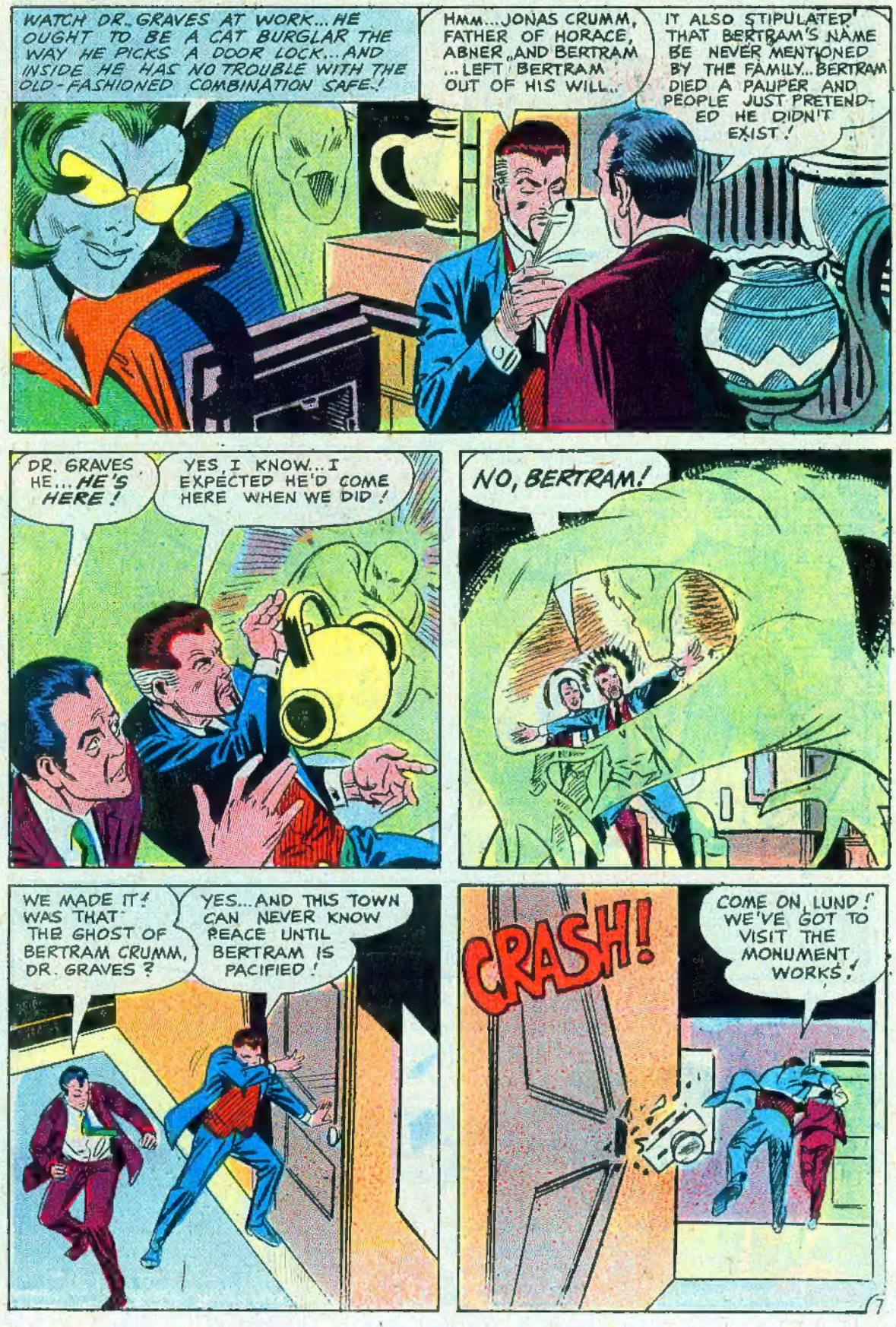
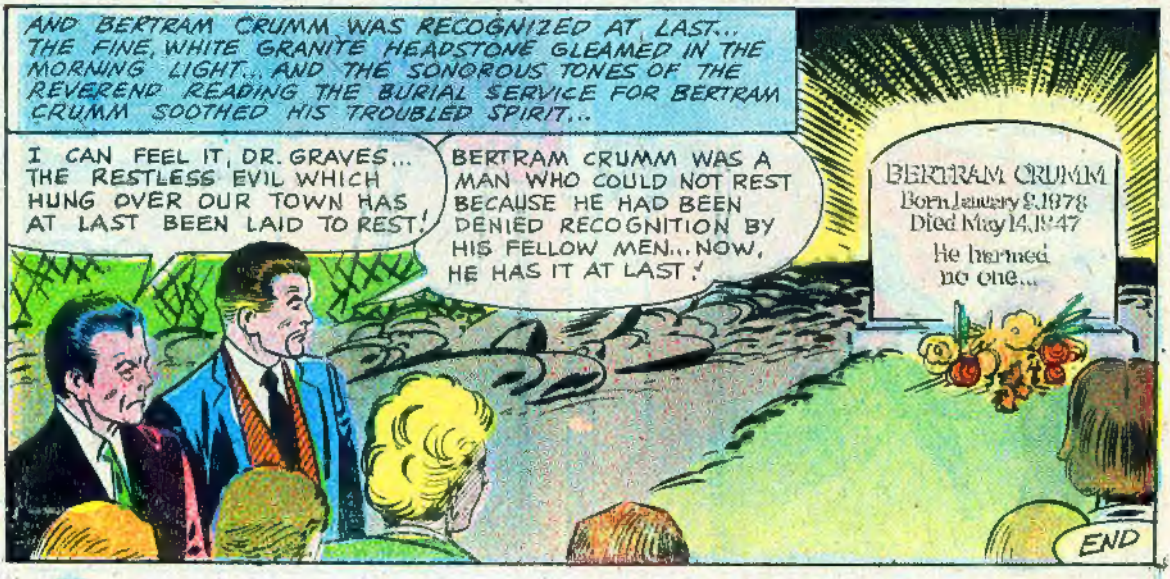

WATCH DR. GRAVES AT WORK... HE OUGHT TO BE A CAT BURGLAR THE WAY HE PICKS A DOOR LOCK... AND INSIDE HE HAS NO TROUBLE WITH THE OLD-FASHIONED COMBINATION SAFE!
HMM... JONAS CRUMM, FATHER OF HORACE, ABNER, AND BERTRAM ... LEFT BERTRAM OUT OF HIS WILL...
IT ALSO STIPULATED THAT BERTRAM'S NAME BE NEVER MENTIONED BY THE FAMILY... BERTRAM DIED A PAUPER AND PEOPLE JUST PRETENDED HE DIDN'T EXIST!
DR. GRAVES, HE... HE'S HERE!
YES, I KNOW... I EXPECTED HE'D COME HERE WHEN WE DID!
NO, BERTRAM!
WE MADE IT! WAS THAT THE GHOST OF BERTRAM CRUMM, DR. GRAVES?
YES... AND THIS TOWN CAN NEVER KNOW PEACE UNTIL BERTRAM IS PACIFIED!
CRASH!
COME ON, LUND! WE'VE GOT TO VISIT THE MONUMENT WORKS!

THE STONE CUTTER, CARL WENDT, SLEEPS IN BACK OF HIS STONEWORKS BUT HE WON'T WORK AT NIGHT.
HE'D BETTER... IF HE REFUSES, THIS TOWN MAY BE GONE BY MORNING!

THIRTY MINUTES LATER...
IT ONLY PROVES WHAT I ALWAYS SAID... DEAD FOLKS DON'T REST EASY WITHOUT A HANDSOME HEADSTONE! I'M NEARLY FINISHED...

ALL DONE! COME DAYLIGHT, I'LL GET MY MEN TO SET IT UP PROPER LIKE, DR. GRAVES!
LUND... START TELEPHONING EVERYONE... WE'RE GOING TO DO WHAT SHOULD'VE BEEN DONE TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO!

AND, SO, BY WORD OF MOUTH, THE PEOPLE OF TRAPPTON WERE SUMMONED...


AND BERTRAM CRUMM WAS RECOGNIZED AT LAST... THE FINE, WHITE GRANITE HEADSTONE GLEAMED IN THE MORNING LIGHT... AND THE SONOROUS TONES OF THE REVEREND READING THE BURIAL SERVICE FOR BERTRAM CRUMM SOOTHED HIS TROUBLED SPIRIT...
I CAN FEEL IT, DR. GRAVES... THE RESTLESS EVIL WHICH HUNG OVER OUR TOWN HAS AT LAST BEEN LAID TO REST!
BERTRAM CRUMM WAS A MAN WHO COULD NOT REST BECAUSE HE HAD BEEN DENIED RECOGNITION BY HIS FELLOW MEN... NOW, HE HAS IT AT LAST!
BERTRAM CRUMM
Born January 2, 1878
Died May 14, 1947
He harmed no one...
END

The International Association for Research in Psychical Cases has asked me to make this short report of what happened to me on the 24th of November, 1971. Also to tell something about myself and my wife. O. K. My name is Frank Harrison and my wife is Wanda. We have been married for twenty years and no children. And for twenty six years I have been a traffic policeman. Or call me a "cop" if that is the term you want to use.

For the past twelve years I have had the same assignment: To direct traffic at Main and Fifth Avenue from 9:A.M. to 4:P.M. Weekends off. And believe me in that time I have used my whistle. I don't know why, but one day I gave my wife a duplicate whistle. And just one week later it came in handy.

On a Saturday we went up to the Reservoir to do some fishing. In back you have some thick woods. She went walking and she got lost. Then she blew her whistle. Good and loud. And I heard it and soon I found her.

"Anybody could get lost here," I told her. "So stick with me."

"One tree looks just like another one," she admitted. "Now I know what to do with that whistle. Wherever you are, I can get you."

I don't know what made me say it. But this is what I did say to her:

"Bet you could call me from the Great Beyond if I got there." So there you have the exact words I said to her.

Now we come to the 24th of November, 1971. I was directing traffic when a woman rushed up to me.

"The house around the corner is on fire. I think some people are trapped in it."

I told her to run to the nearest fire alarm box which was on Sixth Avenue. Then I ran to the blazing house. I rushed up to the first floor. A woman had fallen on the floor. I brought her down. Then I went up again. Two kids were in one room. I got them down. Then I heard a cry for help. Up I went again. And I brought down a blind old man. And then when I got outside, I just collapsed. Call it smoke poisoning.

So the first aid unit goes to work on me. They use the hand technique to keep my heart beating. And when they stop - so does my heart. They get me to Mercy Hospital. The Batallion Chief called my wife and a district fire car brought her to the hospital. They are still working on me.

"Sorry, Mrs Harrison," says the Batallion Chief. "But Dr. Carey has just pronounced your husband dead. I want you to know he was a real hero. He died in the line of duty."

And so I am dead. But where am I? Around me is a kind of a mist. Not smoke. Not water vapor. But a mist with a peculiar blue light around it. And there are three white figures around me.

"Another dead one," says one of those figures. "He died so that another might live."

"Just the kind of cases I hate to handle and admit," says a second white figure. "Guess we have to get him ready for the final trip."

"I am in a peculiar mood," adds the third figure. "If I could, I would send him back. Why must he die?"

"We are all born to die," says that first figure. "That is our final destiny. For some, sooner. For others, a bit later. But we get them all. So even if he did go back, he would at some time in the future make a return trip. And then he might object."

Suddenly there is a very strange noise. I hear it. And so do those three white figures.

"Sounds like whistling," says the second white figure. "Like somebody calling somebody."

And then I speak. I know just the words I said to the three.

"That's my wife Wanda calling me. And you know, if she calls me then I have to listen. Especially on that whistle. So I am going back."

Next thing I know I am sort of floating through space. Looking down on things. But they aren't clear at all. Then I open my eyes. And there is my wife with the whistle in her mouth.

"I told you he would listen and come back," she shouts. Then she kisses me.

That's all there is to it. I put in my retirement papers. A lot of other things to do - before I make another trip there.

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